

The History of

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes, I have heard
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dow. That's the worst tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us muster speedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Wee'l to *Suttoncop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it maketwenty,
take them all, I'll answer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowle Gurnet; I
have misused the Kings presse damnably. I have got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but
good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the Banes, such a co-
modity of warme slaves, as had as lief heare the Divell as a
Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliver, worse then a
strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I presse me none but such
Tofts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they have brought out their services: and now my
whole

Henry the Fourth.

whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the
painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and
such as indeed were never Souldiers, but discarded unjust Ser-
vingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapsters
and Ostlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd An-
cient: and such have I to fill up the roomes of them as have
bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a
hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from swine-
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me
on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such Skar-crowes.
I'll not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat nay; and
the villains march wide bet ween the legs, as if they had Gyues
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison: thers's not
a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is two
Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the shoulders like
a Herald's coate without sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the truth,
stolne from mine Host of *S. Albans*, or the red-nose In-keeper
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on
every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Lacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What Hal? How now mad-wag, what a divell dost thou
in *Warwickshire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I were there,
and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can
tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-
ready made thee butter: but tell me, Lacke, whose fellowes are
these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did never see such pitifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough toASSE, food for powder, food
for